ANTONY JOHNSTON // BEN TEMPLESMITH

DEAD SPACE™

EXTRACTION

ONE-SHOT

$3.50

DEAD SPACE
EXTRACTION

WRITTEN BY // ANTONY JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY // BEN TEMPLESMITH

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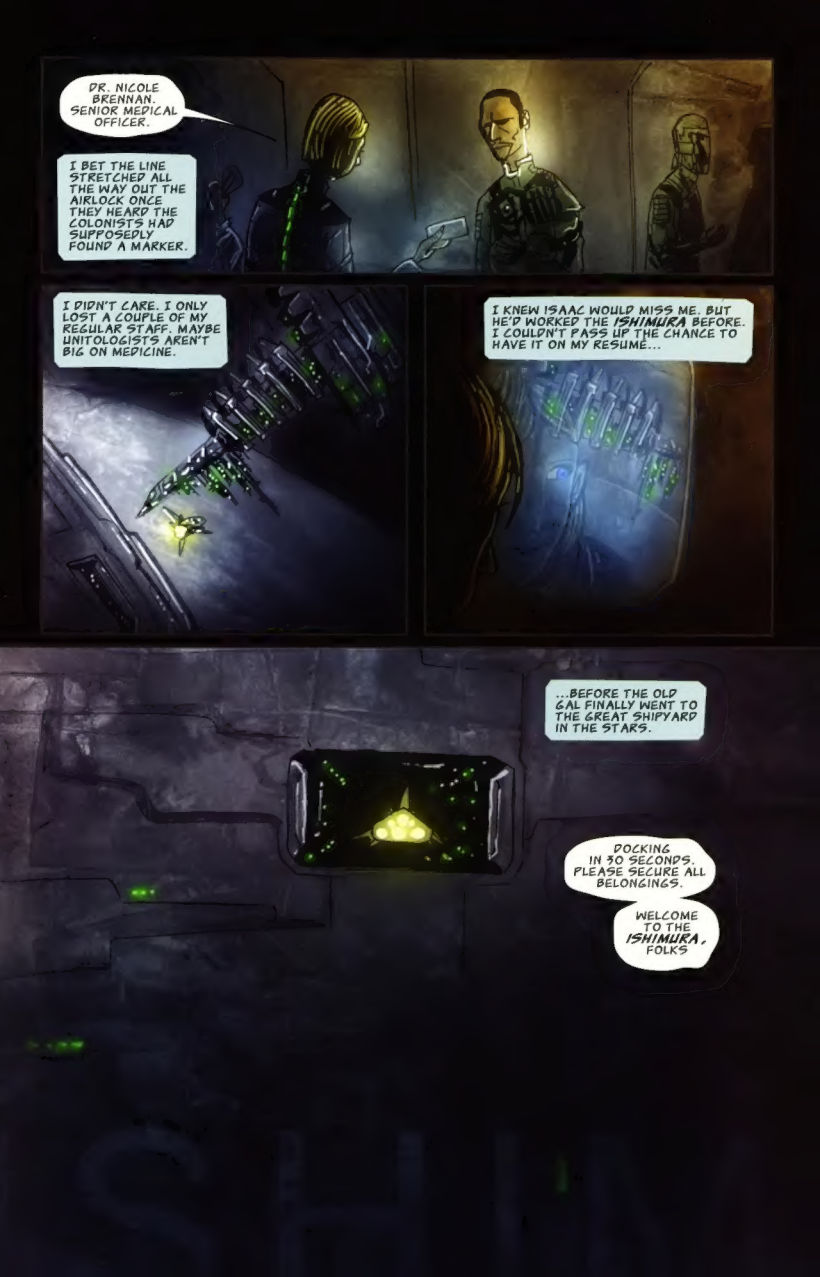
CEC Shipyard EH-145-K
Earth orbit
"I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY ROTATED ME OUT, BUT NOT YOU."
SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR NOT MARRYING ME YET. WE COULD HAVE CLAIMED SPOUSAL PREFERENCE.
VERY FUNNY.
IT'S ONLY SIX WEEKS, ISAAC.
THINK ABOUT THOSE POOR COLONISTS WHO'VE BEEN THERE FOR TWO YEARS ALREADY. SOME OF THEM HAVE GIRLFRIENDS, TOO.
USG ISHIMURA
NEXT SHUTTLE 4 MINS
I'LL CALL YOU SOON, OK? DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.
WHAT I DIDN'T TELL ISAAC WAS THAT HE WOULD HAVE HATED IT, ANYWAY.
RUMOR HAD IT THAT ALMOST HALF THE NEW CREW WERE UNITOLOGISTS.


DR. NICOLE BRENNAN. SENIOR MEDICAL OFFICER.
I BET THE LINE STRETCHED ALL THE WAY OUT THE AIRLOCK ONCE THEY HEARD THE COLONISTS HAD SUPPOSEDLY FOUND A MARKER.
I DIDN'T CARE. I ONLY LOST A COUPLE OF MY REGULAR STAFF. MAYBE UNITOLOGISTS AREN'T BIG ON MEDICINE.
I KNEW ISAAC WOULD MISS ME. BUT HE'D WORKED THE *ISHIMURA* BEFORE. I COULDN'T PASS UP THE CHANCE TO HAVE IT ON MY RESUME...
...BEFORE THE OLD GAL FINALLY WENT TO THE GREAT SHIPYARD IN THE STARS.
DOCKING IN 30 SECONDS. PLEASE SECURE ALL BELONGINGS.
WELCOME TO THE *ISHIMURA*, FOLKS

TWO DAYS LATER
YOU'VE EXAMINED HARRIS? WHAT DO YOU THINK?

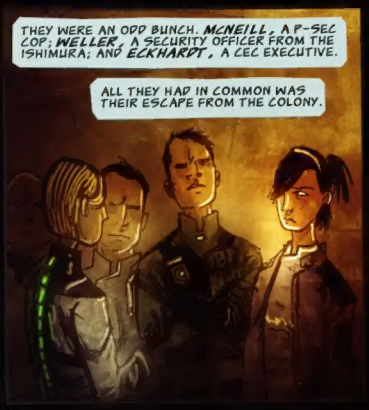
Office of Dr Kyne Ishimura
I'M NOT A SHRINK. BUT HE'S CLEARLY PSYCHOTIC, AND SHOWS NO SIGN OF IMPROVEMENT. KEEPING HIM LOCKED UP HERE IS PROBABLY SAFEST.

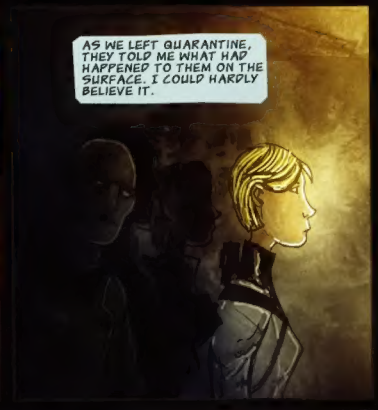
I CONCUR.
YOU'VE HEARD THE OTHER HORROR STORIES FROM PLANETSIDE?
THE SUICIDES? THAT'S A PRIME EXAMPLE OF THE "COLONY CRAZIES" IF EVER I SAW ONE. AND WEREN'T THEY ALL UNITOLOGISTS?
I FAIL TO SEE WHAT DIFFERENCE THAT MAKES.
RELIGIOUS ZEALOTS ARE INHERENTLY PRONE TO HYSTERIA.IT'S DOCUMENTED.
YES, WELL, I'LL THANK YOU TO KEEP WORDS LIKE "ZEALOT" OUT OF YOUR REPORTS.
GOOD DAY, DOCTOR.

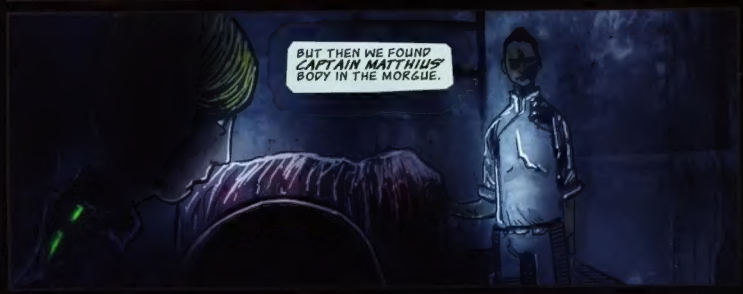
PLANETCRACK DAY
THIS IS GETTING BAD.
DON'T PANIC YET, PERRY. EVEN IF THE COLONY'S IN TROUBLE, WE'RE OKAY UP HERE.
UNTIL THEY START BRINGING THEIR SICK UP HERE. OH WAIT. THEY CAN'T, BECAUSE THERE'S A DAMN NO-FLY ORDER.
THAT NO-FLY MAY BE THE ONLY THING KEEPING US SAFE. LET'S NOT JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS.
I PUT ON A BRAVE FACE, BUT PERRY'S CONCERNS WERE VALID. SINCE THEY BROUGHT THE MARKER TO THE SHIP, THINGS HAD GONE DOWNHILL.
PATIENTS WERE HALLUCINATING, SELF-HARMING, SUFFERING SEVERE DEPRESSION, RAVING ABOUT "MONSTERS"...
...IT WOULD TAKE MORE THAN A NO-FLY ORDER TO STOP THIS.

WORSE STILL, SOMETHING HAD GONE WRONG WITH THE PLANETCRACK, AND WE'D LOST COMMUNICATION WITH THE COLONY.
THEN WE HEARD ABOUT A COLONY SHUTTLE CRASH-LANDING ON THE FLIGHT DECK, AND A SUBSEQUENT SMALL OUTBREAK OF SOME KIND.
NICOLE! FLIGHT DECK CALLED. THEY'VE GOT A DOZEN INJURED THEY WANT US TO TAKE IN, SOME SERIOUS.
WHY HERE? IS THE FLIGHT DECK BAY INFECTED, TOO?
THEY DIDN'T SAY.
BEEP BEEP
HOLD ON...
DR BRENNAN SPEAKING.
THIS IS VINCENT, SECURITY. NEED A FAVOR, DOC. WE'VE GOT FOUR COLONISTS JUST SNUCK THEIR WAY ON BOARD.
SURELY THAT'S YOUR AREA, CHIEF.
OH, THEY'RE ALREADY IN CUSTODY. I WANT YOU TO CHECK THEM FOR INFECTION.
SEND THEM TO QUARANTINE ON THIS DECK.
PERRY, STAY HERE TILL THE FLIGHT DECK INJURED ARRIVE, THEN GET SOME REST. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU NEED IT

WHERE... WHERE AM I?
OH, YOU'RE AWAKE. LEXINE, ISN'T IT? I'M NICOLE BRENNAN, SENIOR MEDICAL OFFICER. JUST RUNNING SOME TESTS.
TESTS? BUT... WE WERE IN THE MESS HALL, AND... SOME SECURITY GUYS...
I KNOW. THEY WANTED YOU CHECKED FOR INFECTION. I'VE ALREADY SCANNED YOUR FRIENDS.
AND?
AND YOU'RE ALL FINE, DON'T WORRY. ALTHOUGH...
WHAT? WHAT IS IT?
I DON'T KNOW, EXACTLY. THE OTHERS WERE NORMAL, BUT...
YOUR READINGS ARE VERY UNUSUAL. B.P. IS VERY HIGH, BRAIN ACTIVITY IS OFF THE CHARTS... LET'S GET YOU OUT OF THERE.


THEY WERE AN ODD BUNCH. MCNEILL, A P-SEC COP; WELLER, A SECURITY OFFICER FROM THE ISHIMURA; AND ECKHARDT, A CEC EXECUTIVE.
ALL THEY HAD IN COMMON WAS THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE COLONY.


AS WE LEFT QUARANTINE, THEY TOLD ME WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THEM ON THE SURFACE. I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE IT.


BUT THEN WE FOUND CAPTAIN MATTHIUS' BODY IN THE MORGUE.

THERE HAD BEEN NO SHIP ANNOUNCEMENT, NO NOTICE THAT HE WAS DEAD. THINGS WERE A LOT WORSE THAN I'D REALIZED.

WHEN WE GOT BACK TO THE ER, PERRY WAS STILL THERE. HE HADN'T SLEPT IN 24 HOURS.
WE HAVE MORE PATIENTS IN THE HALLWAY. I'M GOING TO CHECK ON THEM.
SURE, I'LL BE HERE.

A MINUTE LATER, HE WAS SLEEPING FOREVER.
PERRY!

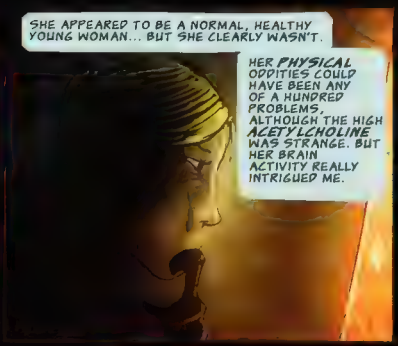
MONSTERS. INFECTION. THEY WERE THE SAME THING. WHY HADN'T I REALIZED IT BEFORE?
OPEN FIRE!

WE ESCAPED, BUT BY NOW THIS SECTOR OF THE DECK WAS CRAWLING WITH THEM.
DEAD BODIES. THE INFECTION CREATED THE MONSTERS OUT OF OUR OWN DEAD SHIPMATES.
THEN LEXINE TOLD ME WHAT THEY ACTUALLY WERE.
GET TO THE SECURITY STATION! WE'LL BARRICADE OURSELVES IN!
SECURIT STATION
WHAT ELSE COULD WE DO, IN THE FACE OF SUCH HORROR?

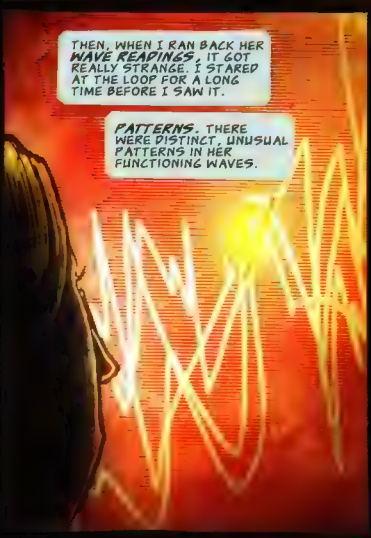
THE BARRICADE HELD.
OUR RESOLVE WAS IN WORSE SHAPE.
SIR, I HAVE TO GET TO ENGINEERING. MY TEAM'S RESPONDING TO AN EMERGENCY CALL THERE.
I'LL STAY. IF THINGS ARE THIS BAD EVERYWHERE, PEOPLE WILL BE COMING HERE FOR HELP.
IN THAT CASE, YOU STAY WITH HER AND KEEP THAT BARRICADE SECURE. ME AND MCNEILL WILL GO TO ENGINEERING AND BACK UP YOUR TEAM.
IN FACT, THEY ALL LEFT. I THINK LEXINE AND ECKHARDT LOOKED TO THE OTHER TWO FOR PROTECTION.
I DON'T KNOW IF THAT WAS WISE OR NOT, BECAUSE I NEVER SAW OR HEARD FROM ANY OF THEM AGAIN.

BUT I HAD PROBLEMS OF MY OWN.
THIS IS THE SENIOR MEDICAL OFFICER, BROADCASTING WIDE TO ALL DECK STAFF. CAN ANYBODY HEAR ME?
NICOLE? THIS IS EVANS *SSSSSS* SICK BAY 2. WE'VE *SSSSS* PATIENTS HERE, BUT NOT MANY OF US *SSSSS* GET HERE?
THANK GOD...! LISTEN, BAY 1 IS WRECKED. CO-ORDINATE BAY 2 UNTIL I GET THERE, OK?
WILL DO *SSSSS* YOU SOON. *SSSS* OUT
UH... MA'AM, I CAN'T LET YOU LEAVE.
WHAT?! I HAVE TO GET DOWN THERE! YOU HEARD HIM!
THE WHOLE SHIP IS CRAWLING WITH THOSE...THINGS. IT'S MY JOB TO KEEP YOU SAFE, AND THIS STATION IS THE SAFEST PLACE TO BE.
I ARGUED, BUT HE WOULDN'T BUDGE. AND HE WAS SO ON EDGE THAT I WORRIED HE REALLY MIGHT SHOOT ME IF I TRIED TO LEAVE.

SO I TURNED TO SOMETHING ELSE THAT HAD BEEN BOTHERING ME.
I DOWNLOADED LEXINE'S SCAN RESULTS FROM QUARANTINE.


SHE APPEARED TO BE A NORMAL, HEALTHY YOUNG WOMAN... BUT SHE CLEARLY WASN'T.
HER PHYSICAL ODDITIES COULD HAVE BEEN ANY OF A HUNDRED PROBLEMS, ALTHOUGH THE HIGH ACETYLCHOLINE WAS STRANGE. BUT HER BRAIN ACTIVITY REALLY INTRIGUED ME.

THE CORTEX AND THALAMUS WERE LIT UP, EVEN WHILE LEXINE WAS UNCONSCIOUS. THE BASAL NUCLEI SHOWED VERY HIGH ACTIVITY.
HER NEURON CYCLES WERE PUZZLING. EITHER THE SCANNER WAS FAULTY, OR HER AXONS WERE SOMEHOW MUTATED. HER SENSORY RELAYS WERE VASTLY WIDE-RANGING.


THEN, WHEN I RAN BACK HER WAVE READINGS, IT GOT REALLY STRANGE. I STARED AT THE LOOP FOR A LONG TIME BEFORE I SAW IT.
PATTERNS. THERE WERE DISTINCT, UNUSUAL PATTERNS IN HER FUNCTIONING WAVES.

THIS IS NO GOOD. I DON'T HAVE THE EQUIPMENT HERE TO ANALYZE THIS PROPERLY--
SHHH!

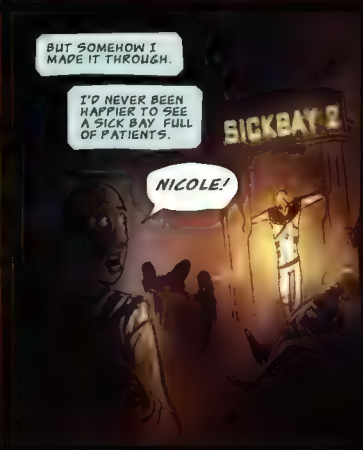
DID YOU HEAR THAT? FROM THE CEILING...
AAAAH! SHIT!
SLAPK
WHAT THE FUCK? HE WON'T GO DOWN!
BLAM
BLAM
GET OUT OF THE WAY!
HOLY SHIT!
NOW DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD LEAVE?
GREAT IDEA! SICK BAY 2, RIGHT?
RIGHT.

GO!

I WAS EAGER TO LEAVE ANYWAY. I FELT SO IMPOTENT THERE, WHEN MY COLLEAGUES WERE WORKING HARD IN BAY 2.

BUT THE GUARD WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE DANGER. FIVE MINUTES AFTER WE STARTED RUNNING, I WAS SUDDENLY ON MY OWN.

EVERY MOMENT OF THAT GAUNTLET COULD HAVE BEEN MY LAST. AND MAYBE SHOULD HAVE BEEN.


BUT SOMEHOW I MADE IT THROUGH.
I'D NEVER BEEN HAPPIER TO SEE A SICK BAY FULL OF PATIENTS.
SICKBAY 2
NICOLE!

HOW'S IT GOING, EVANS?
WELCOME TO THE NEW PRIMARY ER. WE BROADCAST WIDE, TELLING EVERYONE TO COME HERE INSTEAD OF BAY 1.
I HOPE THEY HEARD IT. COMMS ARE IN BAD SHAPE.
SO ARE YOU...
I CAN WALK AND TALK. RIGHT NOW, THAT'S MORE THAN MOST. JUST GIVE ME THE SITUATION
SEE FOR YOURSELF. WE'VE TAKEN SIXTY SINCE IT STARTED. THIRTY ARE DEAD. MOST OF THE REST WON'T LAST WITHOUT PROPER ATTENTION.
EXPLAIN TO ME WHY THEY'RE NOT GETTING IT.
BECAUSE WE'RE RUNNING ON FUMES, HERE. LESS THAN A DOZEN STAFF, EQUIPMENT IS SPARSE BECAUSE WE'D NORMALLY BRING IT DOWN FROM BAY 1...
ENLIST ANYONE STILL MOBILE TO START STOCKPILING ALL SUPPLIES INTO PILES THEN PUT OUT ANOTHER BROADCAST FOR MEDKITS, AS MANY AS WE CAN GET

MEDKITS? THEY'RE A TEMPORARY SOLUTION, A BOOSTER. THEY WON'T HELP WITH THE KIND OF INJURIES WE HAVE HERE--
I KNOW THAT!
YOU SAID YOURSELF, MOST OF THESE PEOPLE ARE NOT GOING TO SURVIVE. BUT WE CAN EASE THEIR PAIN IN THE MEANTIME. JUST DO IT!
...YES, MA'AM.
WE ALL KNEW IT WAS HOPELESS SICK BAY 2 WAS FOR OVERSPILL, NOT FULL TREATMENT. AND WITH NEW PATIENTS COMING IN, WE WERE SOON OVER CAPACITY
ABOUT HALF AN HOUR LATER, IT GOT WORSE.
NICOLE. WE'RE OUT OF MEDKITS.
WHAT?! ALREADY?
ALL WE HAVE LEFT IS MORPHINE AND BANDAGES. THIS PLACE IS GOING TO LOOK LIKE AN ABATTOIR BEFORE LONG.
OH, CHRIST JUST... JUST DO THE BEST YOU CAN.

I BEGAN WISHING I HADN'T STAYED. MAYBE THAT "RAG-TAG BUNCH" HAD ACTUALLY SURVIVED.
MAYBE IF I'D STUCK WITH THEM, I MIGHT SEE ISAAC AGAIN.
THEN I GOT ANGRY. I'M A DOCTOR. MY CONCERN IS FOR OTHERS, NOT MYSELF.
AND THERE WAS SOMETHING MORE I COULD DO.
THE PATTERNS IN LEXINE'S SCANS WERE A PUZZLE, BUT IN THE SECURITY STATION I COULDN'T SEE THE FOREST FOR THE TREES.
HERE, I COULD TRY A DIFFERENT APPROACH.
I SEPARATED AND MANIPULATED THE WAVE READINGS, BUT THEY STILL MADE NO SENSE. AND I COULD FEEL A BAD HEADACHE COMING ON.
MY HEAD FELT LIK IT WAS GOING TO BURST...
NNNNGH!

NO... NO...
AAAAH!
NICOLE!
I'M FINE, EVANS. I... OH GOD, WHAT WAS THAT? IT WAS HUGE...
WHAT?
ISN'T THAT.. I THOUGHT YOU MUST HAVE HEARD ME?
NO! THEY'RE TRYING TO GET IN!
SHIT!
FIND THAT CUTTER I HAD WITH ME! I'LL HOLD THEM OFF!
HOW?!

I HAVE AN IDEA...

CLEAR, YOU BASTARDS!
BZZZTT

FOUND IT! CATCH!

BEING ANYTHING METAL THAT ISN'T TIED DOWN OVER HERE! NOW!
FFZZ

THE CUTTER SAW THEM OFF, BUT I HAD TO BUY MORE TIME.
WATCHING LEXINE'S FRIENDS IN SECURITY GAVE ME THE IDEA TO JURY-RIG PLATES OVER ALL THE VENT HOLES IN THE BAY.

...DEAD BODIES? ARE YOU SERIOUS?
EVANS, BELIEVE ME. I WISH THIS WAS MY GREATEST PRACTICAL JOKE EVER
IT MUST BE SOME KIND OF RECOMBINATOR VIRUS.
SOMETHING THAT SPREADS FROM THE SOURCE, AND REPLICATES FAST. GOD KNOWS HOW MANY VECTORS IT USES ..
HEY, WHERE YOU GOING?
I HAVE WORK TO FINISH.
TALKING WITH EVANS HAD GIVEN ME AN IDEA.
VECTORS. REPLICATION. PATTERNS.
THE VIRUS WAS COMPLETELY ALIEN. NOT ONLY COULD IT MUTATE AN ENTIRE CORPSE, BUT SOMEHOW IT ALSO ANIMATED THEM.
STILL, DNA IS DNA. WHICH MEANT IT MUST HAVE A CODE.

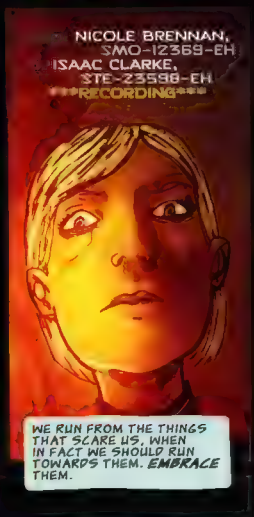
AND THERE IT WAS, STARING RIGHT AT ME THE WHOLE TIME. I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE IT
HOW DID I MISS THIS? WHY HADN'T I SEEN IT BEFORE?
THEY WEREN'T JUST PATTERNS. THEY WERE SYMBOLS.
THE SAME SYMBOLS FOUND ON THE UNITOLOGISTS' MARKER.
BUT I COULD STOP IT. I COULD DECODE THEM, SEQUENCE THE DNA.
DESIGN AN ANTIVIRUS TO ATTACK THE RECOMBINATOR, MAYBE EVEN NEUTRALIZE IT.
INFECT THE INFECTED.
DELIVERY WOULD BE DIFFICULT. I NEEDED AN AGENT THAT ACTED FAST, A MILD RECOMBINATOR TO CARRY THE NEW DNA INTO THE CREATURES.
OH, SHIT.
SHIT!
AND I HAD ONE RIGHT HERE ON BOARD. IT WAS THE CORE INGREDIENT IN CEC STANDARD ISSUE MEDKITS--

NO, NO, NO, NO...
NICOLE?
MEDKIT! SOMEBODY FIND ME A MEDKIT, NOW!
I TOLD YOU, WE RAN OUT. ALL WE HAVE LEFT IS PAINKILLERS, AND EVEN THEY'RE--
THERE MUST BE ONE! JUST ONE, SOMEWHERE!
BUT THERE WASN'T
WITHOUT A CARRIER, THERE WAS NO WAY TO SUCCESSFULLY TRANSMIT THE ANTIVIRUS.
BUT WHO WAS I KIDDING?
ENGINEER AN ANTIVIRUS OUT OF A WILD HUNCH AND DATA THAT WAS ALMOST CERTAINLY CORRUPTED?
IT WAS CRAZY. CRAZY AND STUPID.
MY HEAD POUNDED LIKE A JACKHAMMER. I WAS LOSING IT.
LOOK OUT!

I'D BEEN LOSING IT SINCE BEFORE I REACHED BAY 2, AND DEEP DOWN I KNEW IT. THE HALLUCINATIONS WERE PROOF ENOUGH.

WE COULDN'T STOP IT. WE WERE JUST SACKS OF MEAT AND BLOOD, NOTHING MORE THAN A VECTOR FOR THE INFECTION.
AND SUDDENLY, EVERYTHING BECAME CLEAR.

ALL OUR LIVES, WE SEARCH FOR MEANING AND PURPOSE, BUT WE'RE SCARED OF WHAT WE MIGHT FIND.


NICOLE BRENNAN, SMO-12369-EH
ISAAC CLARKE, STE-23598-EH
RECORDING
WE RUN FROM THE THINGS THAT SCARE US, WHEN IN FACT WE SHOULD RUN TOWARDS THEM. EMBRACE THEM.

ISAAC, IT'S ME. I WISH I COULD TALK TO YOU.
I'M SORRY. I'M SORRY ABOUT EVERYTHING...

The End

Dead Space Extraction // Concept Art
Artists: Ryan Church & Ian Milham

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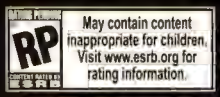

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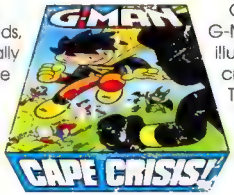
CAPE CRISIS: 5 ISSUE MINI-SERIES

CHRIS GIARRUSSO

BRING HOME THE GAME THAT'S NOT A GAME. IT'S A COMIC.

G-Man's got a CRISIS on his hands. Well, maybe not his hands, more like his back. Well, not really his back either, maybe more like near his neck.

Wait, never mind, it's a CAPE CRISIS and one thing's for sure. It spells TROUBLE for G-Man, and FUN for all ages.



CAPE CRISIS is the newest G-MAN mini-series written and illustrated by Mini Marvels creator, CHRIS GIARRUSSO. The first issue of CAPE CRISIS hits comic stores worldwide in August 2009. Reserve your copies TODAY!

#1 in AUGUST 2009. WRITTEN and ILLUSTRATED by CHRIS GIARRUSSO

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OVERLORD IS BACK.
WHO IS OVERLORD?

SAVAGE DRAGON

Image

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EXTRACTION

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they call us
Legion
for we are many
CPS